Pard, or Boare with briſtled haire,
In thy eye that ſhall appeare,
When thou wak'ſt, it is thy deare,
Wake when ſome vile thing is neere.

Enter Lyſander and Hermia.

Lyſ. Faire loue, you faint with wandring in the woods,
And to ſpeake troth I haue forgot our way:
Wee'l reſt vs *Hermia*, if you thinke it good,
And tarry for the comfort of the day.
Her. Be it ſo *Lyſander*; finde you out a bed,
For I vpon this banke will reſt my head.
Lyſ. One turffe ſhall ſerue as pillow for vs both,
One heart, one bed, two boſomes, and one troth.
Her. Nay good *Lyſander*, for my ſake my deare
Lie further off yet, do not lie ſo neere.
Lyſ. O take the ſence ſweete, of my innocence,
Loue takes the meaning, in loues conference,
I meane that my heart vnto yours is knit,
So that but one heart we can make of it.
Two boſomes interchained with an oath,
So then two boſomes, and a ſingle troth.
Then by your ſide, no bed-roome me deny,
For lying ſo, *Hermia*, I do not lye.
Her. Lyſander riddles very prettily;
Now much beſhrew my manners and my pride,
If *Hermia* meant to ſay, *Lyſander* lied.
But gentle friend, for loue and courteſie
Lie further off, in humane modeſty,
Such ſeparation, as may well be ſaid,
Becomes a vertuous batchellor, and a maide,
So farre be diſtant, and good night ſweet friend;
Thy loue nere alter till thy ſweete life ende.
Lyſ. Amen, amen, to that faire praier, ſay I,
And then end life, when I end loialty:
Heere is my bed, ſleepe giue thee all his reſt.

Her.

Her. With halfe that wiſh, the wiſhers eyes be preſt.

Enter Pucke.

Puck. Through the Forreſt haue I gone,
But *Athenian* finde I none,
On whoſe eies I might approue
This flowers force in ſtirring loue.
Night and ſilence: who is heere?
VVeedes of *Athens* he doth weare:
This is he (my maſter ſaid)
Deſpiſed the *Athenian* maide:
And heere the maiden ſleeping ſound,
On the danke and dirty ground.
Pretty ſoule, ſhe durſt not lye
Neere this lack-loue, this kill-curteſie.
Churle, vpon thy eyes I throw
All the power this charme doth owe:
VVhen thou wak'ſt, let loue forbid
Sleepe his ſeate, on thy eye-lid.
So awake when I am gone:
For I muſt now to *Oberon*. *Exit.*

Enter Demetrius and Helena running.

Hel. Stay, though thou kill me, ſweete *Demetrius*.
De. I charge thee hence, and do not haunt me thus.
Hel. O wilt thou darkling leaue me? do not ſo.
De. Stay on thy perill, I alone will goe.
Hel. O I am out of breath, in this fond chaſe,
The more my praier, the leſſer is my grace.
Happy is *Hermia*, whereſoere ſhe lies;
For ſhe hath bleſſed and attractiue eyes.
How came her eyes ſo bright? Not with ſalt teares.
If ſo, my eies are oftner waſht then hers.
No, no, I am as vgly as a Beare;
For beaſts that meete me, runne away for feare.
Therefore no maruaile, though *Demetrius*
Do as a monſter, flie my preſence thus.

V